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100 DRAWINGS by A. WALKOWITZ

art

WHAT one picks up in the course of years by contact with the world must in time incrust itself on one's personality. It stamps a man with the mark of his time. Yet, it is after all, only a dress put on a man's own nature. But if there be a personality at the core then it will mould the dress to its own forms and show its humanity beneath it.

In speaking of my art, I am referring to something that is beneath its dress, beneath objectivity, beneath abstraction, beneath organization. I am conscious of a personal relation to the things which I make the objects of my art. Out of this personal relation comes the feeling which I am trying to express graphically. I do not avoid objectivity nor seek subjectivity, but try to find an equivalent for whatever is the effect of my relation to a thing, or to a part of a thing, or to an afterthought of it. I am seeking to attune my art to what I feel to be the keynote of an experience. If it brings to me a harmonious sensation, I then try to find the concrete elements that are likely to record the sensation in visual forms, in the medium of lines, of color shapes, of space division. When the line and color are sensitized, they seem to me alive with the rhythm which I felt in the thing that stimulated my imagination and my expression. If my art is true to its purpose, then it should convey to me in graphic terms the feeling which I received in imaginative terms. That is as far as the form of my expression is involved.

As to its content, it should satisfy my need of creating a record of an experience.

A. WALKOWITZ

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PLAQUE BY VICTOR D. BRENNER

ONE HUNDRED DRAWINGS

By A. WALKOWITZ

INTRODUCTIONS BY

HENRY McBRIDE JOHN WEICHSEL

CHARLES VILDRAC

WILLARD HUNTINGTON WRIGHT

B. W. HUEBSCH, Inc.

NEW YORK MCMXXV

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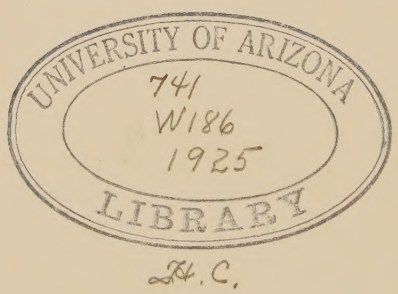

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INTRODUCTIONS

I

SINCE the first Impressionist canvas was painted, pictures seem to have become illustrations for a long and eloquent debate, in which every technical and every æsthetic problem has been separately reconsidered, and in which the speculative reason has enriched itself at every opportunity. The Impressionist painters discovered the vibration of the luminous atmosphere which envelops objects, and, in order to obtain more brilliance and more vibration, they purified the palette and simplified it. After them, painters thought only of their new conquest, color, until the rise of a new authority—that of Cézanne.

Cézanne, obsessed by the representation of masses, by the weight of objects in atmosphere, took up again the whole pictorial problem. Thanks to him, the Post-Impressionists discovered how modulations of tone in the same plane can reveal this heaviness in a palpable and magnificent actuality, and how powerfully the relation and the balance of contrasts can reveal the beauty of a mass in space and even the density of space itself. The Cubists followed Cézanne's discoveries into a blind alley, but not uselessly—after Cubism, the necessity of a technical standard made itself felt. The artists of today have returned to the direct representation of objects, to questions of composition and of style, and many painters who wish to attain pictorial classicism try to achieve pictures which shall be at once sensitive and intellectual.

These various movements have succeeded each other so rapidly that their discordant reverberations are still sounding in concert. The

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debate is less impassioned than it was ten or fifteen years ago, but it goes on.

Mr. Walkowitz must have followed this debate eagerly. His drawings, moreover, are evidence that he has taken a part in it, or rather, that he has pursued it in his own work with rare critical understanding. Without diminishing his emotional power, this pursuit has given him a perfect consciousness of the unchanging qualities in every true work of art.

He knows, in the first place, that he is not required to give back to us our own poor and confused idea of appearances: he knows that if he happens to represent an object, it must be only in the degree wherein the representation coincides with a plastic expression of the object; he knows that if he enumerates the objects he has seen, it must be only in the degree wherein the enumeration accords with his composition. He knows, in other words, that to compose is to choose.

He also knows that the artist must disengage from the world's aspects certain harmonious relations which have struck only himself, and that he must reveal them to us in the way that will excite our emotions; he knows that he must eliminate everything in nature which does not enter into these relations, everything which compromises unity of vision, unity of character, unity of feeling—in one word, style.

He knows, finally, that he may freely transpose these relations or modify them, that he may freely recompose the world, whether deliberately or instinctively.

But above all, Mr. Walkowitz must be praised because his pictures reflect all of his technical interests and illustrate them admirably without ceasing to live. Whether he is concerned with arrangement and with the solidity of balanced forms, in *The Kiss* and in *The Family*, whether his problem is the assembling of beautiful masses by giving them sculptural expression, in *Human Rhythm* and in *The Lovers*, whether he is remembering the lesson of the great Cézanne, in *The Bathers* and in *A Landscape*, whether he is intoxicated by decoration,

by rhythm, or by fantasy, his models are always much more to him than pretexts for technical demonstrations or for mere pictorial exercises. It is life above all that he feels, and before life he is never lacking in devotion or in humility. He can cherish his means of expression and prove them one by one without allowing them to take the places of the things he has to express.

Observe the feeling, the careful tenderness, he has been able to put into his most exact and most spontaneous notations, particularly in the drawings of *Isadora Duncan*, in his *Baby*, in *After the Bath*, and in his other nudes.

The art of Abraham Walkowitz is intensely human. With him, the senses and the reason do not shut out emotion, which too many modern painters consider a weakness, a negligible literary quality, but which, none the less, has always had a place in the domain of art.

Mr. Walkowitz's portraits, the faces that he has caught in their everyday reality, are full of a spirit and of a psychological understanding to which he knows how to give style—in, for example, *A Head of a Young Girl*, and *Human Flowers*, and *At the Opera*.

With his erudition and his gift for analysis, his capacity for telling transpositions and for virtuosity, this searcher has logically arrived at synthetic realizations which are more subtle and more expressive as they are more economical. Their simplicity, their freshness, and their restraint make one forget the knowledge and the skill without which their accomplishment would have been impossible.

In such drawings as *Women with Corals* and *Two Black Diamonds*, which are not without relation to some drawings of Matisse's, the greatest intensity of expression is truly obtained with the slightest means. The admirable and sharply truthful *Concert* has the same virtue: by his treatment of greys alone, by the strength and the delicacy of his strokes, and by some other inexplicable miracle, the artist has achieved its color and its luminously vibrating atmosphere.

Is it not, then, in these works that this rich and various painter has put most of himself, and in them that he has found his own sure road?

CHARLES VILDRAC

[*Translation by Frances Newman*]

II

Much of the distinctiveness, as well as much of the fascination, of the art of Walkowitz lies in its almost complete detachment from the readily recognizable methods of the modernist leaders, and in its consequent reticence in giving itself to the spectator. At first view his more characteristic pictures appear merely as medleys of harmonious lines; but on closer inspection these linear congeries slowly resolve themselves into the salient contoural forms of the human body, landscape, portraiture, and still-life. Thus one receives from his drawings the emotion of form independent of the actual documentary model. Indeed, the model to Walkowitz is only a means to an æsthetic end; and, despite the superficial objectivity and the element of easy recognizability in many of his drawings, his art can not be judged or explained on grounds of representation: it must be approached, not with the eyes alone, but with a highly developed subjective sensitivity capable of *experiencing* form and, at the same time, of ignoring the pictorial and associative aspects of form.

Though in manner and conception Walkowitz is intensely modern, evidences of his admiration for the older masters are discoverable in both the simplest and most complex of his pictures. In one work, for instance, we find the frieze type of composition patterned on the flowing two-dimensional form of the Byzantine mosaics. Here Walkowitz has utilized the full human figure (as one utilizes flowers) in an ordered decoration whose drawing, while subtle and delicate, attracts by its very simplicity of design. In another of his works we have a complicated linear organization of Michelangelesque nudes moulded into an intricate play of space-filling, which requires studious concentration for its complete æsthetic visualization. In general, Walkowitz uses nature as an inspiration for a highly abstract method of creation.

In him are embodied many of the traits that have become familiar to us in the works of Picasso. In fact, his talent is not dissimilar to Picasso's; and especially is this resemblance noticeable in his treatment of gradations of tone and in his poetic interplays of light and shadow.

Walkowitz's art is both fecund in form and varied in aspect. In many of his drawings he is, like Renoir, interested chiefly in lyrical linear composition. In others he deals primarily with mass, after the manner of Daumier. And in several of his pictures he has approached volume from the point of view of Cézanne. At times—as in his New York series—he has sought to depict emotional impressions and mental reactions; but the result is not the ephemeral mood-projection arrived at by the Futurists; for even in the most objective of Walkowitz's work his methods are never solely illustrative: there is always the underlying æsthetic import. Moreover, his talent possesses that duality of concept that informs all great art: his best drawings contain a constructive, or masculine, quality, which has to do primarily with rhythm and form; and also a purely receptive and reconstructive, or emotional, quality, which is inherently feminine. In his later work these two qualities have been counterbalanced and co-ordinated into a unity of visual projection.

Walkowitz has had a far more extensive self-training on the profounder side of draughtsmanship than many of the older and better-known black-and-white artists of the modernist movement. His art has progressed slowly, and infinite pains have gone into its making. The divergencies of his technique, as manifest in the different stages of his work, are the result of intellectual experimentation rather than of a seeking for individualized surfaces. His simplest drawings from the standpoint of documentation, are, like the water-colors of Cézanne, very often the most complex in their statement of structural principles. In all his later work there is a sense of qualitatively limitless space which comes only to one whose knowledge of æsthetic form has been evolved through years of study and technical application.

Here, then, is an artist who not only should appeal to the more profound art-lover, but should interest all other artists who are seriously striving toward significant expression. In a day of wide-spread and slavish imitation both in and out of the schools, Walkowitz stands conspicuously forth as an artist who has followed his own vision and has sought for the meaning of beauty, not in the externalities of life, but in the deeper relationships of line and form.

WILLARD HUNTINGTON WRIGHT

III

Judging entirely from his pictures I should say Mr. Walkowitz has an overwhelming sympathy with the working-classes. I have said this often in the public prints without contradiction from the artist and consequently have assumed it to be a fact. Yet, oddly enough, in all of our many years' acquaintance, I have never heard Mr. Walkowitz express political views; and also, oddly enough, it is one of the rare instances in which I find myself, as a critic, compelled to envisage the matter of an artist before taking up the manner.

And yet Mr. Walkowitz is not one of those painters who hearken to Sir Joshua's advice to sew up their mouths! Far from it. To say he is a fluent talker expresses it mildly. He is copious. But the fact that he never told me that he loves the working-classes whilst his drawings proclaim this love upon the house tops shows at least that he obeys the warning of the first president of the Academy in effect by shutting off the secret recesses of his heart. What won't be said comes out upon paper and canvas. The working-classes are loved.

Mr. Walkowitz doesn't love his love intellectually in the modern style, although himself a modernist, but sighs like a furnace mediævally and yearns for something he scarcely knows what. Probably a general softening of conditions! For surely he wouldn't altogether relieve the working-classes of work? It is that that makes them superior—gives them their true strength! Without work they wouldn't be a bit better than the rest of us.

The nearest thing to Elysium he demands for them, apparently, is an afternoon off in Central Park. There are numbers of Walkowitzian drawings in which the rank and file have taken possession of that unexpected oasis in a great city and have flung themselves upon the turf there in complete relaxation. They lie prostrate in the drawings, breathing but no more. One gets the idea they have tramped from great

distances bearing the offspring who gambol feebly among the bushes and who are as different as possible from the cupidons of Raphael. All this, of course, shows that these drawings have age, date from some time back, for these Utopian dreams of Mr. Walkowitz have come true. The people do now have afternoons off, two of them, in fact, each week; and do take possession of the turf in Central Park in appalling numbers. It would be pleasant to record that this boon had been brought about by art—like the reformations in the English boy schools after the publication of "Nicholas Nickleby"—but in fact "the people" owe their present ease and large wages as much as anything to the late despised war and scarcely are aware as yet of their lover and well-wisher, Mr. Walkowitz. This is an especial pity. Love begets love in theory and sometimes certainly it does in fact. I wonder how long it will be before the populace reciprocates this great affection of the artist? I fear, never. The fact is, and this is curious, that Mr. Walkowitz's art is not addressed to them, the people, but to their former oppressors of the cultured classes. Not even the gigantic dockman pulling on ropes, or the immense ploughman struggling with the plough, will seem heroic to workmen themselves, or even the kind of vindication they like. They are too bruised, battered and misshapen to be held aloft as hopeful symbols. As in the "Hairy Ape" of Mr. Eugene O'Neill, ulcers are shown that the poor victims would rather hide than have cured.

It is to me, I find, and people like myself who are only mildly interested in the woes of the working-classes and vastly interested in the general woes, that these drawings have been addressed. They presuppose an experience with art. They require one to know the painter's language. Back in the days when Mr. Walkowitz was first attracting attention in Mr. Stieglitz's small gallery, we were all amused by the ardent claim of one young collector who had acquired a Walkowitz and who asserted that a Whistler could not hang in a room with a Rembrandt, but that a Walkowitz could! This seemed a bold enough estimate. That it was not an extravagance of expres-

sion only came to me later when I acquired a Walkowitz myself. I found, after a time, that my Walkowitz could hang with a Rembrandt as well as with a Whistler (for I do not make class distinctions in art more than in life, and to say that a thing is a work of art is to give it place in my collection); that it hangs the more readily with a Whistler in that there is indeed something in common in the two styles. To some Mr. Walkowitz may merely be a socialist howling for more ease for workers, or chanting the particular sacredness of a working-man's parenthood (he does that a lot) or singing the praise of Isadora (Isadora signified something definitely to socialists before she married one); but to me he is an artist who simply becomes lyrical when exalted by his emotions, whose touch is Whistlerian (I mean this as a compliment, in spite of the fact that in Whistler himself I am sometimes bored by the sameness of the approach) whose color is eloquent in itself, and whose drawings are always large in plan.

The color and the bigness of drawing! Those are the two qualities that most refresh me in Walkowitz. One of my drawings has a typical trinity—man, woman and child—by way of subject; and I began with a suspicion of it. The man and woman are taller than we like human beings to be, outside of Barnum's, and their feet are not firmly planted upon the ground, and in fact there are numerous little slips of the sort that we forgive and even expect in the drawings of children but scarcely tolerate in the work of an adult who has gone through the schools. However, once upon the wall, this drawing gained upon me, and still enchains my interest and respect after a dozen years. Its eloquence is potent but subtle. I cannot yet pretend to say exactly what it is that impresses me, further than the aforesaid "bigness." It is, in fact, so big that it constantly recalls the frescoes at Monreale and all the other antique largenesses of gesture that I have studied. We say sometimes in complaint that Americans never see gestures and never get them into art. Walkowitz, it must be allowed, is an exception.

HENRY MCBRIDE

IV

"I want to paint humanity, humanity and again humanity"—Van Gogh.

Here is a modernist who stayed quite human—an anomaly among his kind.

It is an ominous sign that men like Walkowitz are an exception and not the norm in modern art.

Men who are as unassuming and undemonstrative as Walkowitz do not receive a fair amount of public attention in an age like ours, when hamstrung criticism is all but a retainer of the swaggering chieftains in art. Nor does a man like him invite the garish pæans currently offered to lording potentates of the brush and chisel. The more is it an act of justice to the man and to ourselves to picture him, just as he is, on the real background of his environment and time.

A passion for progress kept Walkowitz always among the men in the vanguard of art evolution. Such were and are, by their sincere intentions, the several groups of the modernist movement in art—the fast multiplying progeny of nineteenth century individualism, not to speak of other less definite parentage. Already Baudelaire foresaw the peril lurking in self-centering art: "Individuality, that tiny possession, devoured collective originality. The painter killed painting." Were the great individualist alive today, he might have added: ". . . and the artist killed art; and the man of life killed the man's life." No other trait of modernist art is as obvious as its tendency to remove out of the art-product and, consequently, out of the artist's soul all that is tangibly human and mundane. Unlike his prototype, the hero of Balzac's *Le Chef-d'œuvre inconnu*, the modernist is aggressive, after a fashion. He revenged himself upon an unappreciative world by wiping it off his slate. He flung his *tabula rasa* into the face of the world. Alas, with this quixotic gesture he has flung the major content of his soul out of his being. Still undis-

mayed, he proceeded to replace experience by scholastic ratiocination; vital urge—by æsthetic heat; living sensation—by hair-splitting theory; the cosmic firmament—by mystic consciousness.

Although in close contact with the modernist movement, Walkowitz would not and could not inhibit in his art the evidences of concrete leanings which a more orthodox modernist might perhaps tolerate in the inarticulate recesses of his mind, but in his art—never. While to an uncompromising modernist pure intellect alone is the source of creativeness, Walkowitz instinctively as well as deliberately cultivates an emotional mood in his work. To this, mainly, his work owes the thrilling, quickening quality of throbbing, distinctly human beauty—a quality advisedly shunned and, indeed, unattainable in the embalmed perfection conceived of the bloodless imagination of our dry-as-bones modernistic purists.

Still, it is not in the nature of this artist to furnish mirror-like reflections of phenomena; for, in his case, it is not a passive mind that focuses the rays of experience but a highly sensitive apperceptive faculty animated by poetical temperament.

There is a lyricism in Walkowitz reminiscent of the poetical nature of the Ukrainian people among whom he was born. There is, too, a dash of other-worldliness that might be an abiding effect of the spell of the boundless Siberian plains he beheld in childhood, during his family's wanderings in search of a better living. However, the basic trait in him that holds all others together and sustains them in their upward striving—as the tree-trunk holds together and sustains its branches and crown—his fundamental trait is an interest in humble, toiling and struggling humanity.

Walkowitz is a facile, prolific worker, sensitively responsive to the diverse promptings of his time. Thence comes the great variety and timeliness of his work. He gathers sensations of line, form and tone from the natural aspect of things and transmutes them into spiritualized elements of imaginative compositions, in the final harmonics of which he seeks to attain a mood corresponding to the initial sensa-

tions. He is addicted neither to exoticism nor to sensationalism, not even in his abstractions. He seems to dislike the complex, although unafraid of the difficult. Primarily, he seems to be bent on the elimination of all irrelevant integrants of a composition. He shows a high degree of competence in the manipulation of the several means of artistic expression. He can vitalize a line, quicken form, sensitize space, animate every part of the pictorial plane. Whether his theme be a single figure, a small group, or a crowd of men and women, it will become entirely subject to the single dominant mood at which the artist is aiming: to the technical and emotional unity that was intended to be the adroit means of objectifying the artist's reaction to an impression. As to the simple consonance, the subtle rhythm, the chaste tone which pervade his work—they are the genuine stamp of the artist's own nature, his graphically embodied self-revelation. "His work is his personality," wrote Oscar Bluemner, the gifted painter and acute critic. In Walkowitz's hand, pencil and charcoal become subtly responsive, full-toned, deep-stringed instruments upon which he plays with equal virtuosity and pathos, growing most eloquently musical when his native impulse and acquired affinities coalesce and beget a compelling sentiment. Then—as in the famous drawings of East Side types exhibited on the occasion of the Forum Exhibition (New York, 1916)—his artistic creativeness reaches its loftiest levels.

"For each beholds what in his bosom lurks."

In the greatest part of Walkowitz's works, the principal determinant seems to issue from the artist's gravitation toward concrete vital realities—a gravitation visibly tempered by a sort of stoicism. Undoubtedly, this determinant element owes its nurture to the New York East Side where, on the death of the father, the migration of Walkowitz's family had cast him, in early adolescent years. Here, under diverse, mostly adverse conditions, it yet was his good fortune to come across some regenerative social phenomena and personalities;

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to meet with group-solidarity and individual self-assertion; with unyielding loyalty and self-dedication to lofty ends. Briefly, it was his good fortune to grow up in the presence of the retrievers of the benighted ghetto region who planted in the artist's soul the seed of collective consciousness and imbued him with the strong faith and courage without which the heroic leap from Back Street to Cosmic Avenue is unthinkable.

Of course, Walkowitz can not be put down as an exemplar of an undiluted collective consciousness. He is too human to be absolutely rectilinear. As a matter of fact, he could not become such even under the pressure of modernist geometric rectitude. Obviously, many of his works have been produced with no permanent ulterior motive. Some were made to gratify ephemeral incentives and purposes; others in mere playful manipulation and selection of available artistic media; still others in response to contemporary watchwords, as tentative experimental concessions to innovatory influences; others, again, just in a spirit of relaxation (to which Goethe gives a place in an evaluation of art), at a time when the artist's swaying attention lets his creative power linger on indistinct, misty perceptions of all sorts of imagery wafted into consciousness in its off moments. For all that, it can not be denied that, in the largest part of Walkowitz's drawings and paintings, meandering attention and unpremeditated creativeness is not the rule. The significant fact lies in his readiness to indulge in spontaneous, "purely intuitive" practice which, for the moment, loses sight of his more or less permanent determinants and willingly disregards scholastic loyalties. How does he compare with other modern artists in regard to this?

In academic art, "pure intuition" is irreconcilable with loyalty to hallowed classicism, the while in modernist art it clashes with the sense of duty toward the scientific imperative of our age; which state of things, however, prevents neither of the two factions from professing unshakable faith in this occult principle and from enjoining a horror of its infraction. Nor does it prevent the modernists in par-

ticular from lustily rationalizing their art and blandly affirming it as Simon-pure intuition. They are helped in this singular practice by the markedly accommodating nature of pure intuition in virtue of which the latter invariably assumes, for the special benefit of every modernist, a shape miraculously coinciding with the intellectual premises of his school. This miraculous coincidence being taken for granted, it becomes self-evident within each school that digression from its formula means a sinful disregard of wonder-working intuition, plain apostasy. Grey uniformity thus becomes a sure token of scholastic orthodoxy. Accordingly, on the grey scholastic background, Walkowitz's periodic indulgence in non-scholastic lapses can not but appear as shocking instances of heterodoxy. Sure enough, secessionist academicians are looking askance at this heretic. Still the hardened sinner seems unrepentant.

He knows that academism is not limited to Academies of Design, nor fully delineated by mere conservatism in technique. Moreover, he realizes that the most vicious traits of academism are its super-class attitude and clannishness, its aristocratic scorn of every man's reality and life, its artistic and æsthetic emaciation—the very traits which are vitiating even the most well-intentioned regenerative efforts of the radical art movements. Does he realize what so many heavy-hearted modernists are dimly realizing, that abstractionist abracadabras are not the open sesame of true art? Does he realize that far from being a curative agency against the ravages of canonized academic atavism, current secessionist radicalism is but a logical amplification of this traditional bane, a dressing up of a mediæval spook in pseudo-scientific, pseudo-modern attire—a supremely naïve, well-intentioned but none the less tragic conceit of world-shy world-builders?

Walkowitz is not an analyst, either in his art or in private life. Mainly he is a man of faith, like most men. He has made his faith of sundry ingredients, of heart and mind elements—like most men. But unlike most men (of his epoch and class) he kept the ingredients of

his faith in a just balance. To such a man of inner harmony there lies a self-evident truth in Elie Faure's words: "There is no reason why the artist . . . should live outside the currents of instinct which determine the special direction of the minds of his time." Indeed, there is no reason, for any artist, to live outside the vital currents of his time save the spurious reason of mystic theory.

"My worthy friend, grey are all theories,
And green alone is life's golden tree."

John Weichsel

ONE HUNDRED DRAWINGS

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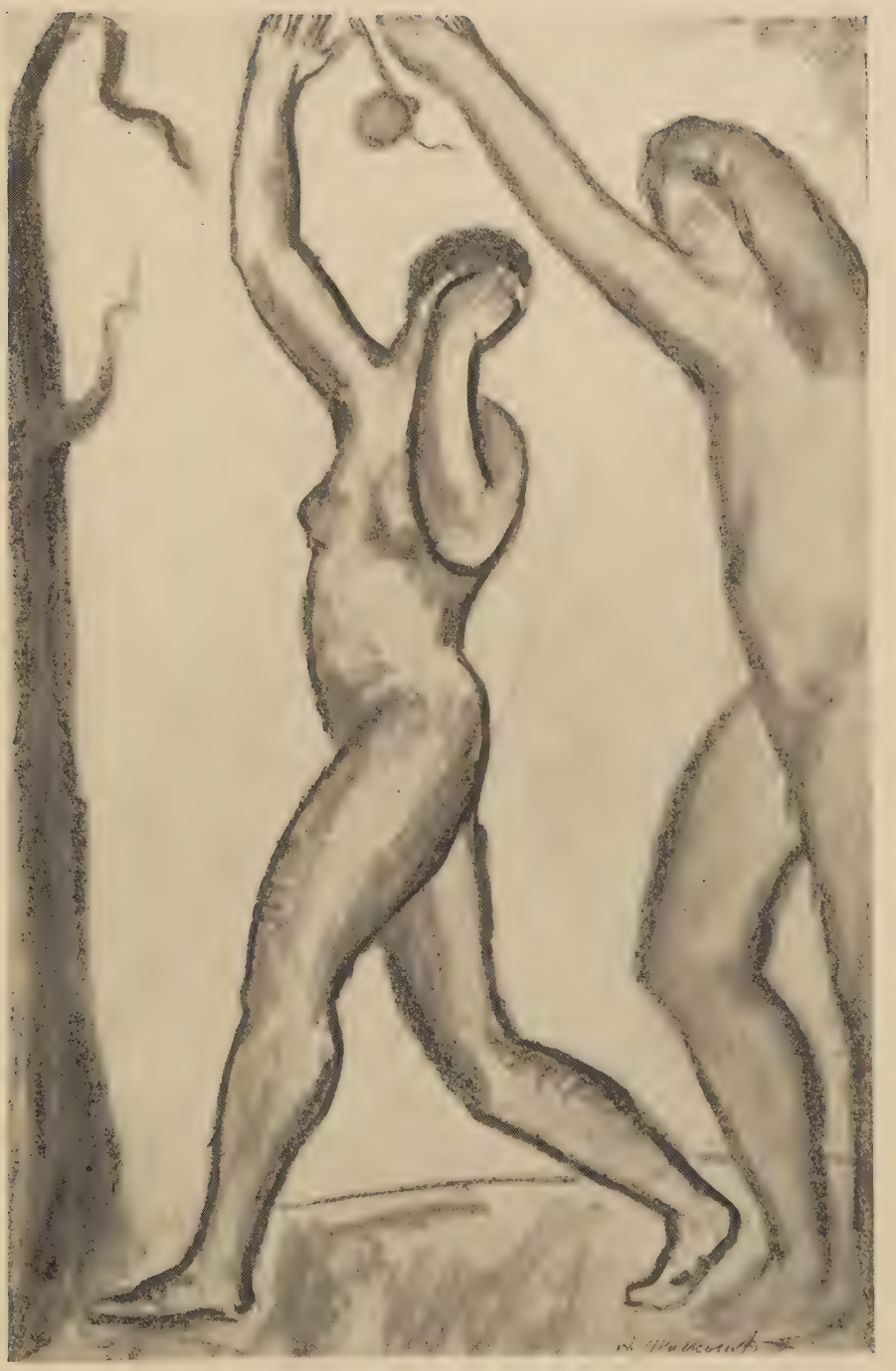

2. SHADOW OF LIFE

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3. PASSION

4. THE EMBRACE

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MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD

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6. ADAM AND EVE

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7. BABY

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8. STUDY OF A NUDE GIRL

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9. FRIENDSHIP

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10. HUMAN FLOWERS

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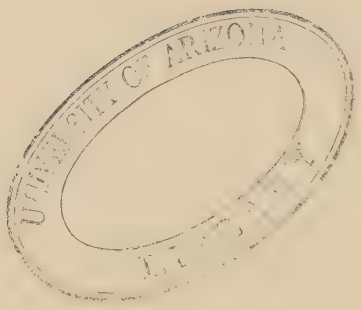
11. THE LOVERS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12. NUDE STUDY

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13. STUDY OF A MAN

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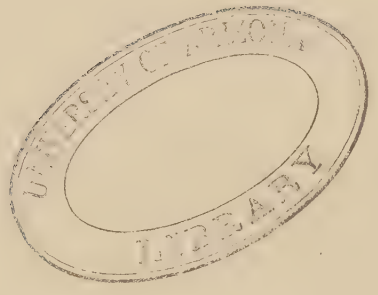
14. PORTRAIT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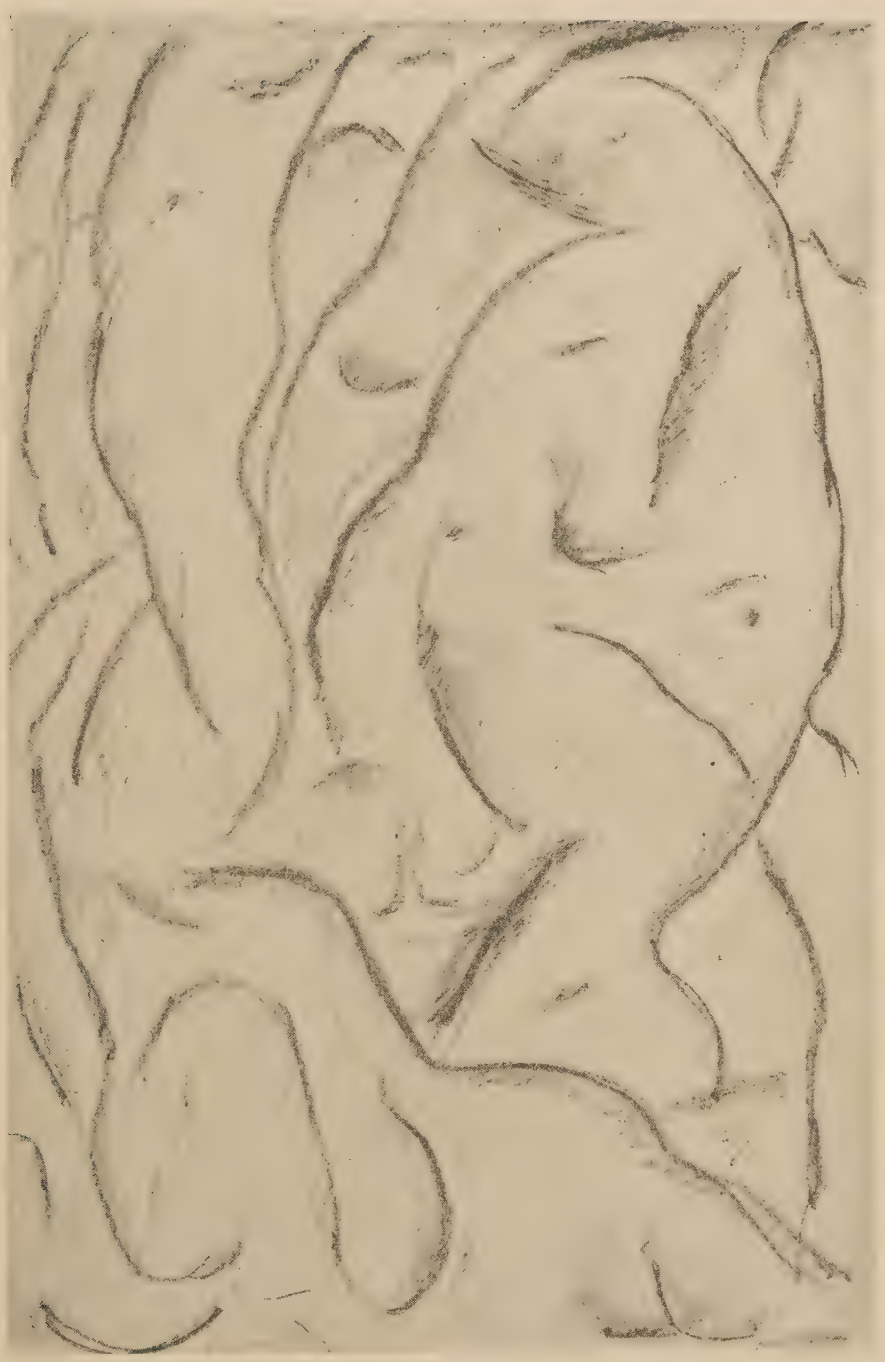
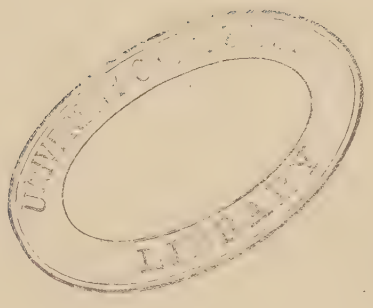
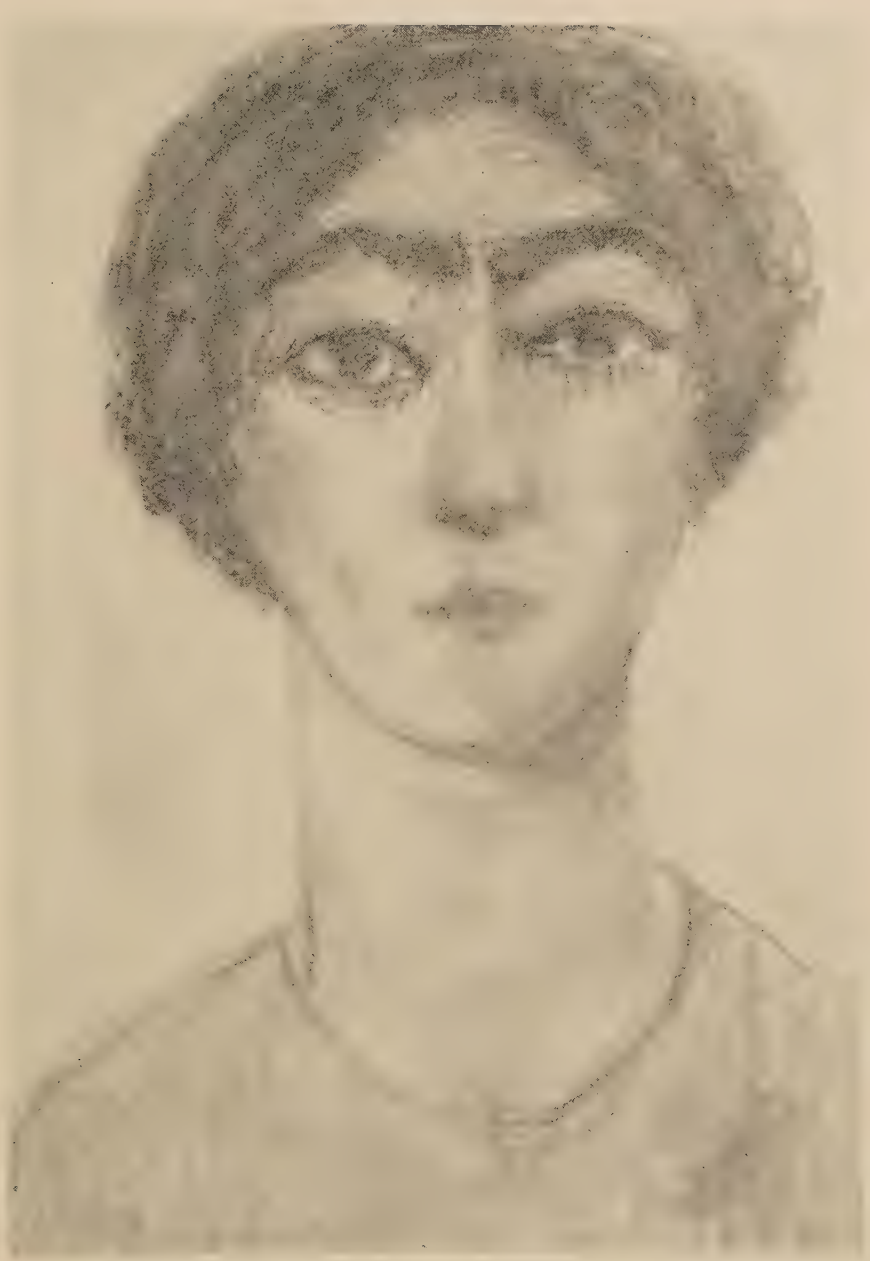


15. INVISIBLE NUDE

16. ASPIRATION





17. HEAD OF A GIRL

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18. THE APPLE

LIBRARY

19. WOMEN FRIENDS

20. THE DREAMER

UNIVERSITY OF ARIZONA

21. HEAD OF A YOUNG GIRL

22. THE BATH

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23. MEDITATION

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24. TORSO

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25. DESPAIR

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26. FROM LIFE TO LIFE

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27. STUDY IN RHYTHM

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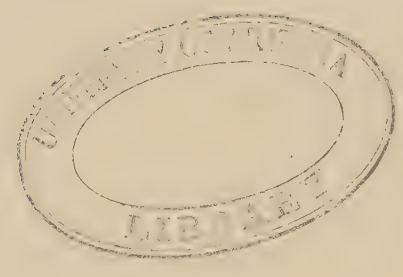
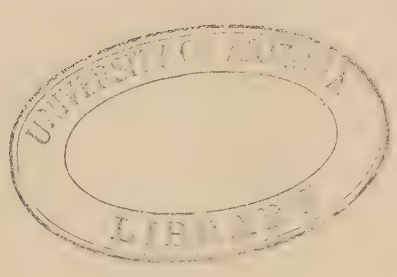
LIBRARY

28. HEAD OF A WOMAN



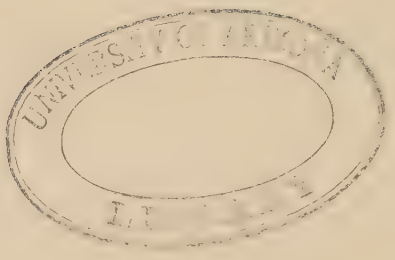
29. ON A SUMMER DAY



30. HUMAN RHYTHM
MONOTYPE

UNIVERSITY OF ARIZONA
LIBRARY

31. SOARING



32. WOMAN COMBING

33. THE FAMILY

UNIVERSITY OF ARIZONA
LIBRARY

34. AT WORK

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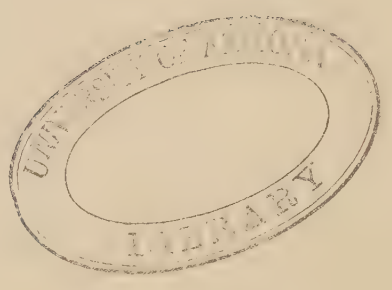
LIBRARY

35. POWER

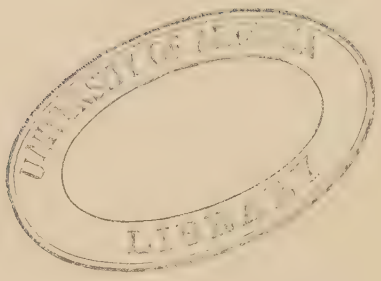


36. A LABORER

LIBRARY

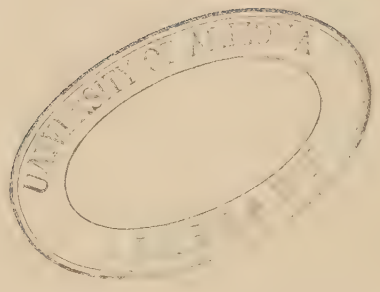
37. THE MAN OF IRON

38. THE SLAVE



39. TO MUSIC

40. LONGING



41. ISADORA DUNCAN—1

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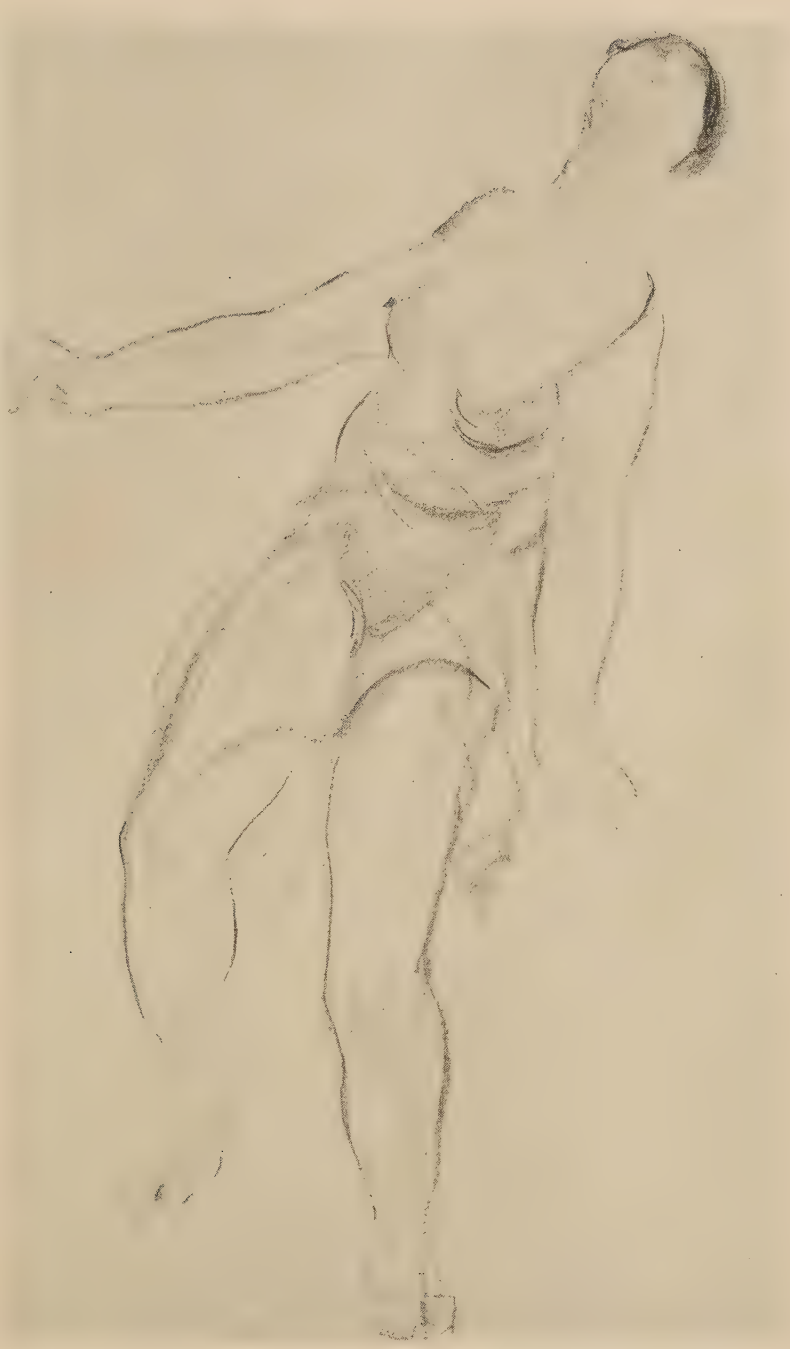
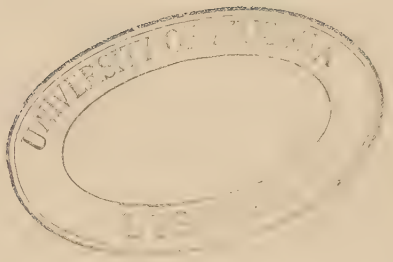
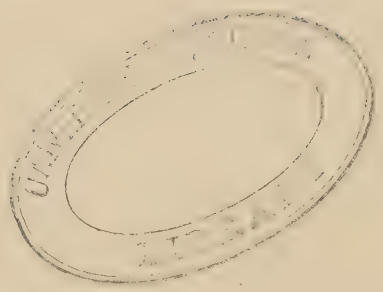
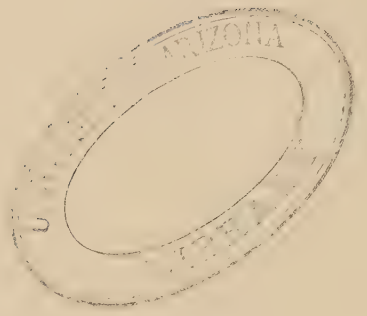
LIBRARY



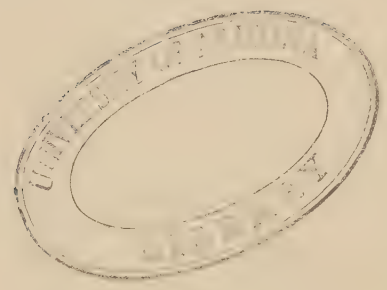


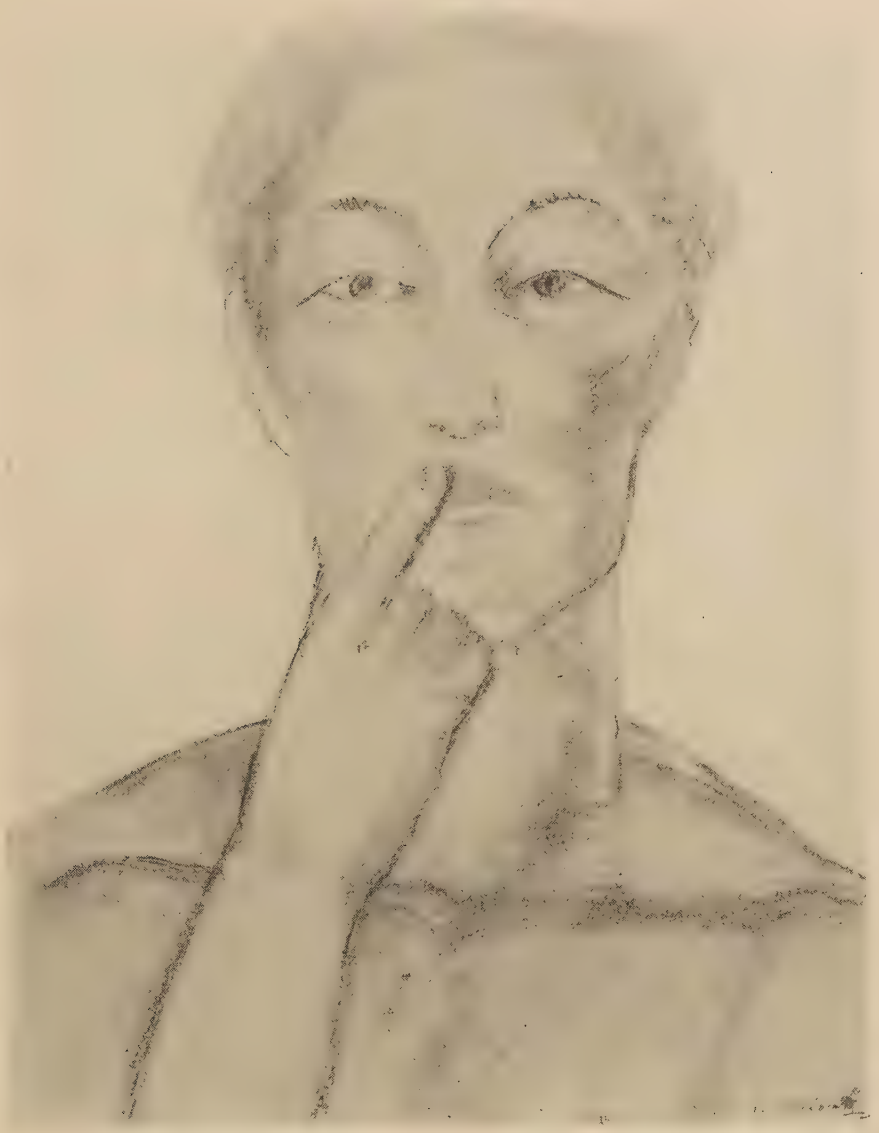


46. ISADORA DUNCAN—6


ARIZONA

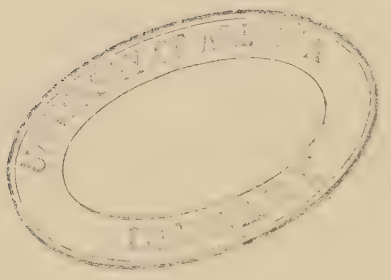
47. NATURE ABSTRACT



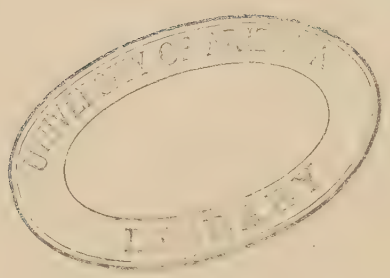


48. SILENCE

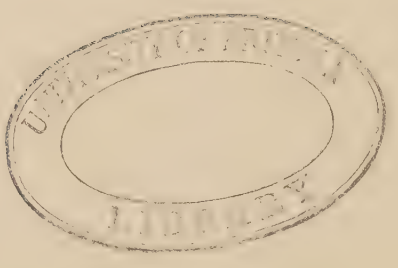
49. WOMAN WITH FAN



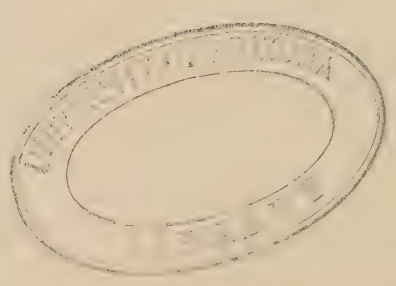
50. CABARET SINGER



51. SISTERS

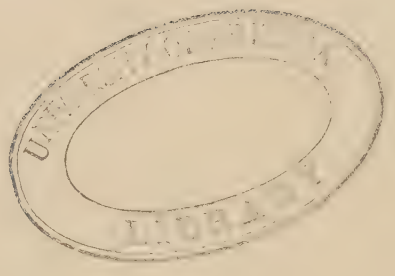


52. BARE-FOOTED WOMAN

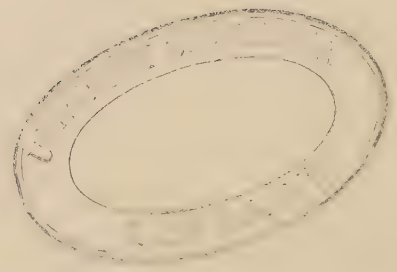


53. THE CITY
WATER COLOR

54. WOMEN RESTING



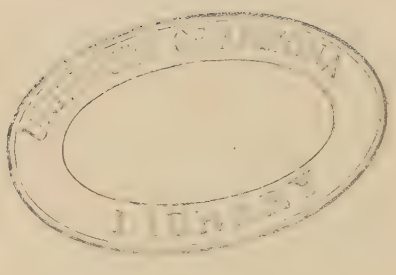
55. THE BATHERS
MONOTYPE



56. GRIEF

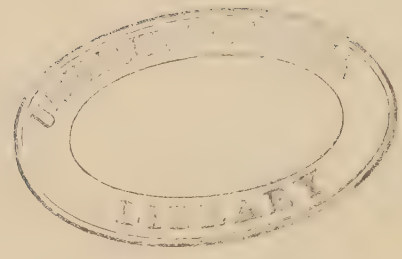
57. THE KISS
MONOTYPE

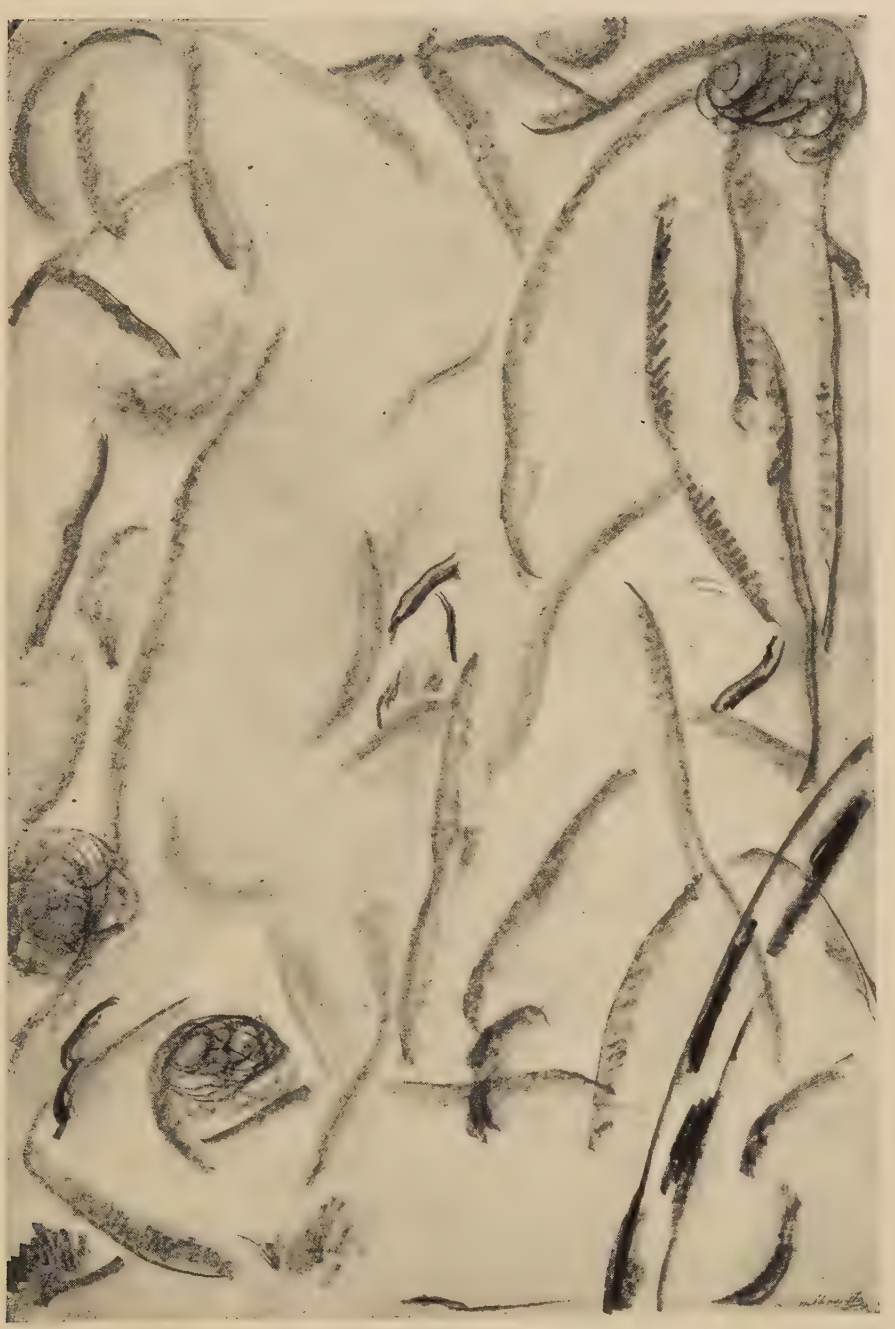
58. REVERY



59. ELEVATION

60. PAIN





61. ABSTRACTION

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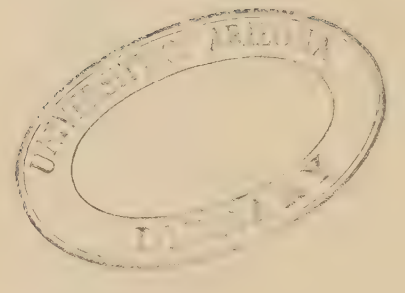
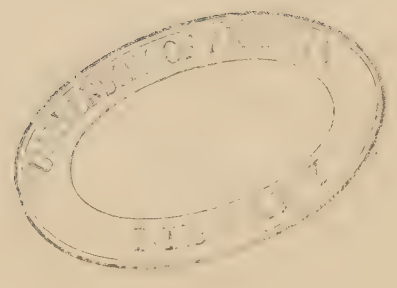
LIBRARY

62. ADMIRERS

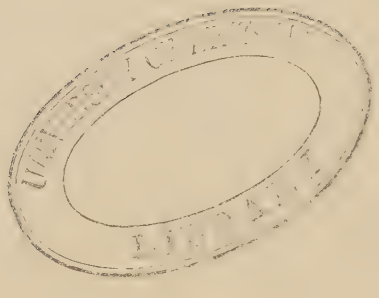


63. DRESSING

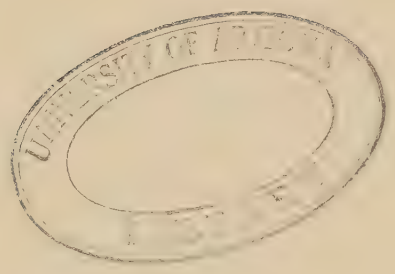
64. HUMAN ABSTRACT



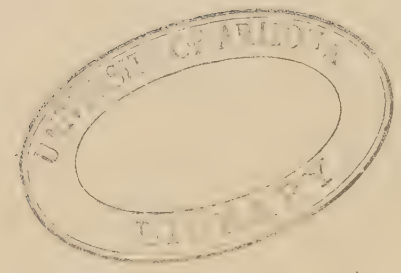
65. STILL LIFE



66. HUMAN ABSTRACT

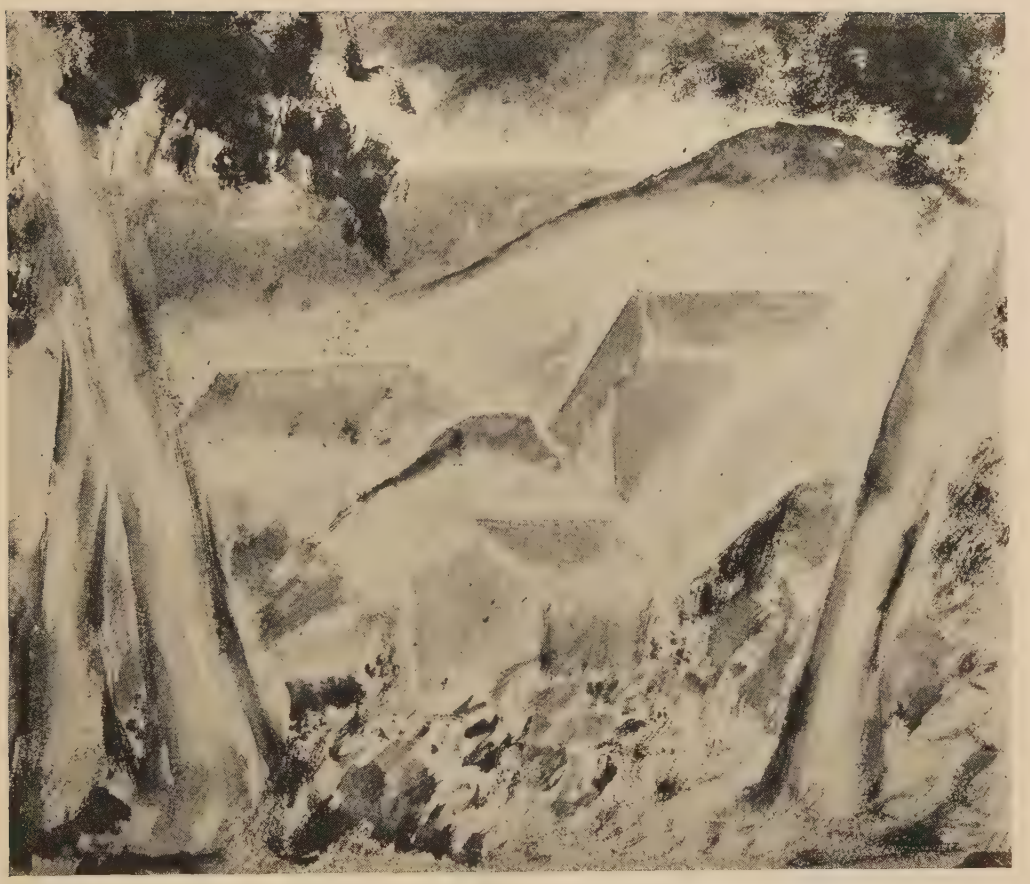


67. BACCHANAL

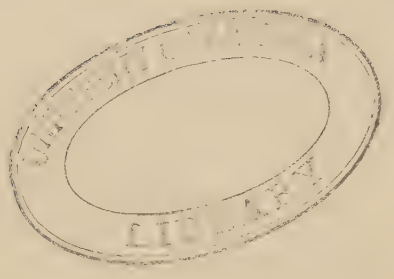


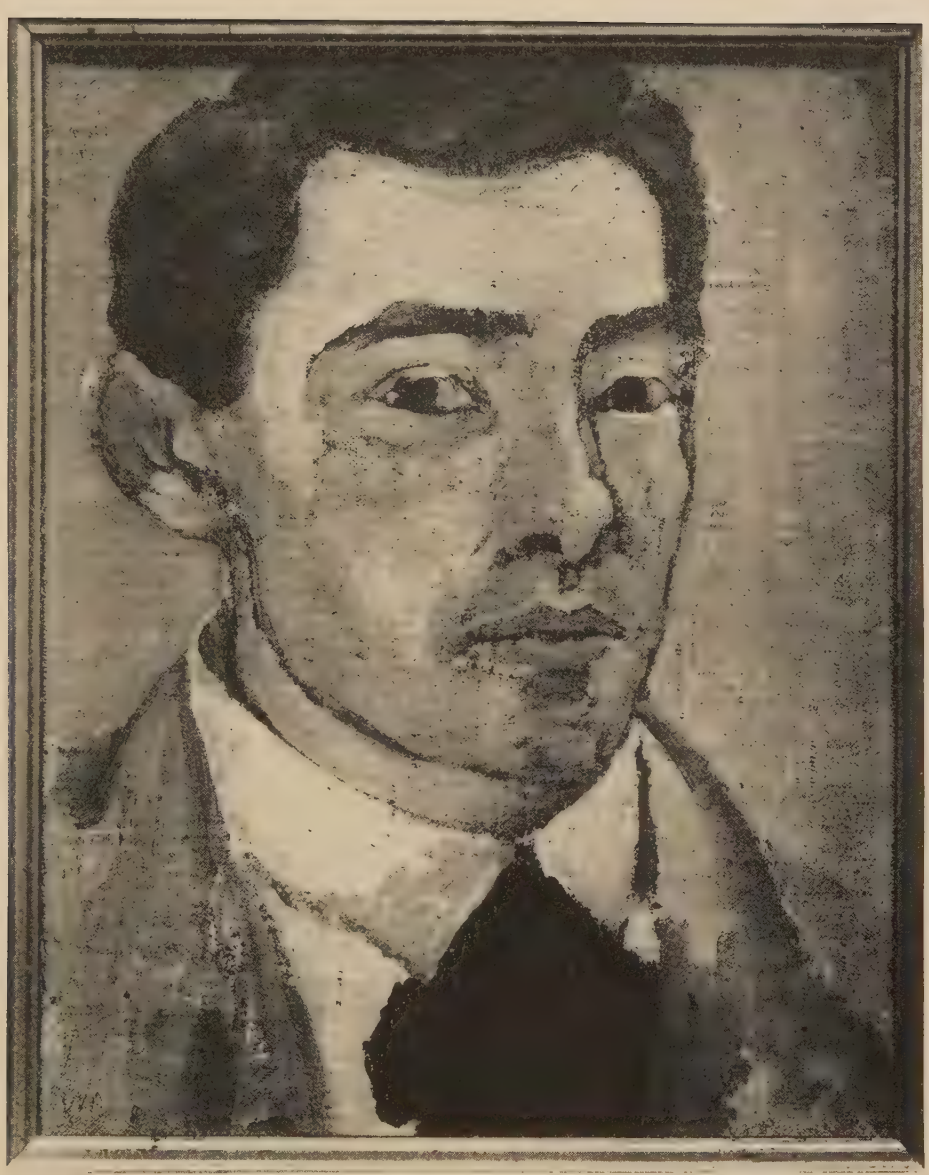
68. THE PARK
WATERCOLOR

LIBRARY



69. LANDSCAPE
WATER COLOR

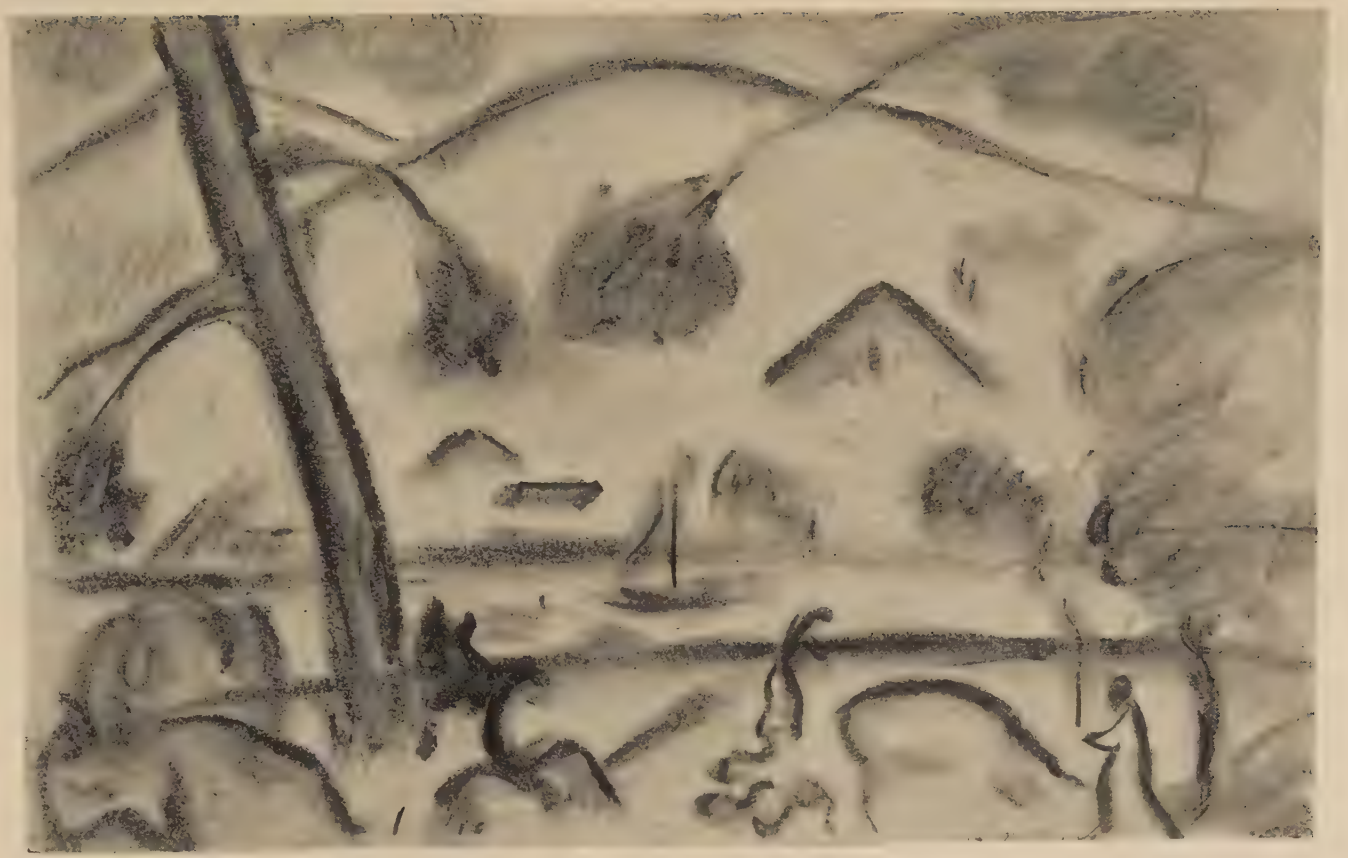




70. PORTRAIT

71. RISING

UNIVERSITY OF



72. ABSTRACT LANDSCAPE

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73. PRIMITIVE MAN

74. DANCER

UNIVERSITY OF FLORIDA

75. LIFE—A DECORATION

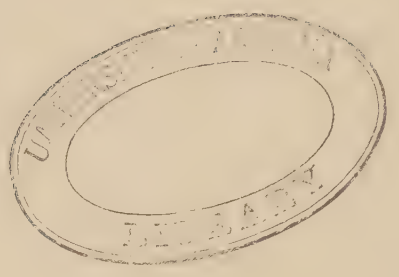
76. TWILIGHT
MONOTYPE

77. DANCING GIRL

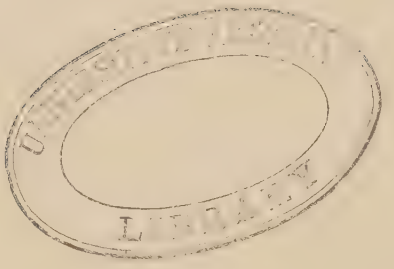
UNIVERZA V LJUBLJANI

78. THE LAKE
WATER COLOR

79. ABSTRACT LANDSCAPE

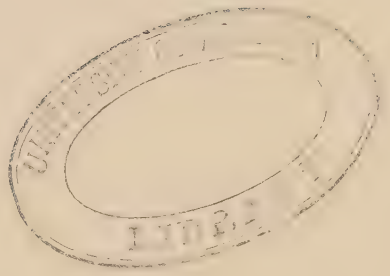


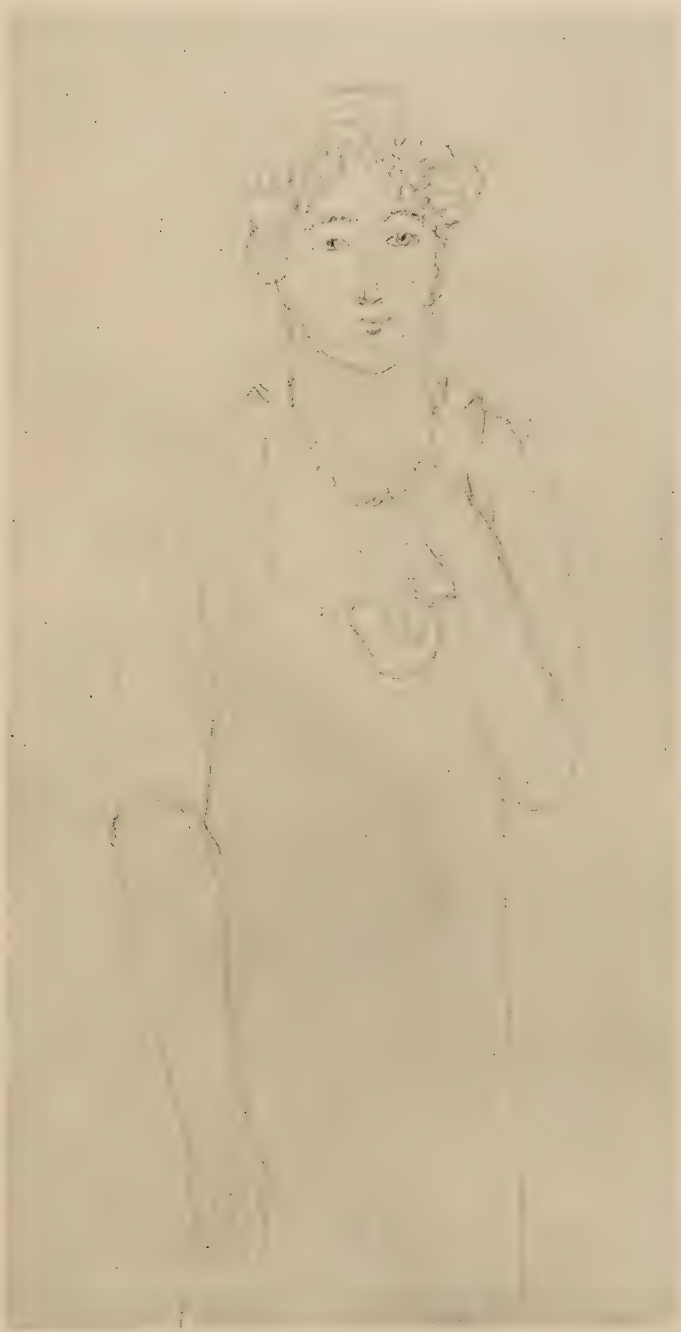
80. BATHERS



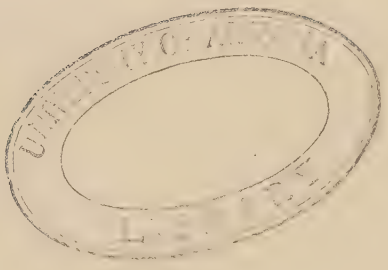
81. PROMENADERS

82. THE CONCERT





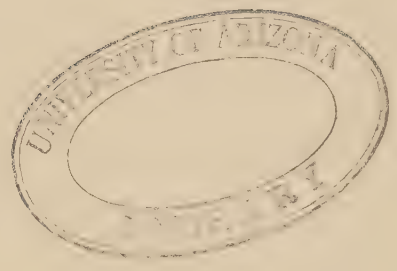
83. WOMAN WITH CORALS



84. AFTER THE BATH

85. TWO BLACK DIAMONDS

86. AT THE OPERA
OIL PAINTING


UNIVERSITY OF ARIZONA

87. RUTGERS SQUARE
OIL PAINTING

88. A STUDY

89. OILS, PASTEL & ETCHINGS

90. IN DIVERSE MEDIUMS

91. PEN AND BRUSH

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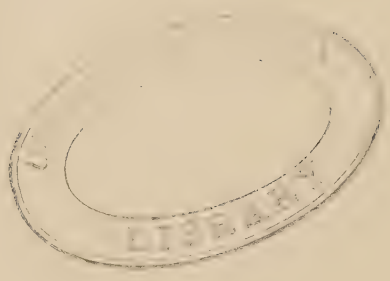
LIBRARY

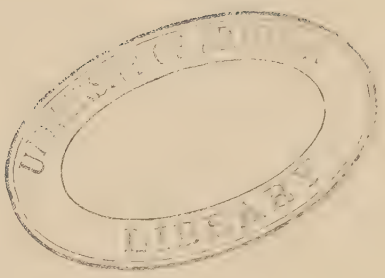
92. NEW YORK
PEN, PENCIL AND BRUSH



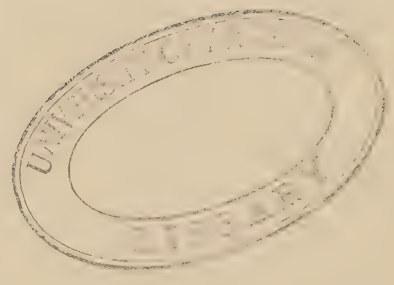
93. NEW YORK
INK AND BRUSH

UNIVERSITY OF ARIZONA
LIBRARY

94. NEW YORK
WATER COLOR

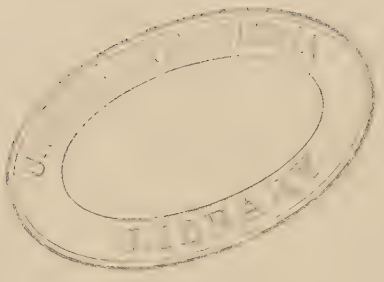


95. NEW YORK
WATER COLOR

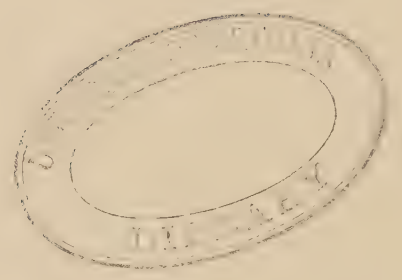


96. TIMES SQUARE AT NIGHT
WATER COLOR

97. NEW YORK
PENCIL



98. NEW YORK
PENCIL



99. NEW YORK
ABSTRACT

100. NEW YORK
ABSTRACT

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